



# The BEGGARS Delight,

As it was SUNG at the

## Theatre-Royal.



**C**ourtiers, Courtiers, think it no harm,  
that silly poor *Swains* in Love should be;  
For Love lies hid in Raggs all torn,  
as well as in Silks and Bravery:  
For the *Beggar* he loves his Lads as dear,  
as he that has thousands thousands, thousands,  
He that has thousand pounds a year.

## II.

*State* and *Title* are pitti ful things,  
a lower *State* more happy doth prove,  
Lords and Ladies, Princes and Kings,  
with the *Beggar* hath equal joys in Love;  
And my pritty brown *Cloris* upon the Hay,  
hath always as killing, killing, killing,  
Hath always as killing Charms as they.

## III.

A Lord will purchase a Maiden-head,  
which perhaps, hath been lost some years before,  
A *Beggar* will pawn his Cloak and his Trade,  
content with Love, to lye and live poor:

Our eager Embraces in Coal-Sheds,  
are always more pleasing, pleasing, pleasing,  
Then theirs that are dull in *Downy*:

## IV.

Our *Cloris* is free from Patches and Paint,  
complexion and Features sweetly agree,  
Perfections which Ladies often do want,  
is always intail'd on our *Pedegree*:  
Sweet *Cloris* in her own careless Hair,  
is always more taking, taking, taking,  
Then Ladies that *Towers* and *Pendants* do wear.

## V.

A Dutchess may fail, created for sport,  
by using of Art, and changing of things,  
Tho' she were the Idol and Goddess o'th Court,  
the joys & the pleasure of Don, Prince, or Kings:  
Yet *Cloris* in her Old Russet Gown,  
she's found, she's found, she's found,  
And free from the Plague and Pox of the Town.

F I N I S.